



THE AMERICAN MCALL RECORD

VOL XI

No 2

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APRIL, 1893

THE AMERICAN MCALL RECORD

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE

AMERICAN MCALL ASSOCIATION

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During the continued absence of the Treasurer, Mrs. L. T. Chamberlain, in Southern California, the Assistant Treasurer, Miss Caroline Remington, will receive all moneys, checks to be drawn to the order of Frances Lea Chamberlain, Treasurer.

In response to a request from some of the Auxiliaries in the vicinity of New York and in New England for a speaker to address their annual meetings, we have been so fortunate as to secure the services of Rev. Dr. E. W. Hitchcock, for several years pastor of the American Chapel in Paris, and for a part of the time associated with Rev. Mr. McAll, Rev. Mr. Dodds and Miss Beach. The address prepared, referring to his acquaintance with Miss Beach, and her work in Paris, has been so favorably received that a request has come for its publication that it may be distributed freely.

The time is approaching when many persons will be going abroad, and we would suggest that our friends remind such of the work of the McAll Mission, and give them one of our folding cards, entitled, "How to Find the McAll Stations," which may be had by application to the General Secretary, 1710 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

We point particular attention to the call to the Annual Meeting on page 3. The Auxiliaries have long ere this received it, and we trust have already made arrangements for being *well* represented at Albany; but we would especially urge that if, at the eleventh hour, any delegates find themselves unable to attend, their places may be supplied by others. The importance of this Annual Meeting, its value in keeping up the interest of Auxiliaries can only be appreciated by those who have tested it. Though the journey be expensive it is worth all it costs. This year we are especially favored in the promised presence of Madame Le Gay, an American woman, living in Paris, she has almost from the first, thrown herself heart and soul, into the work. It was she who founded the first Industrial School, that in the old Salle des Ternes, now in another hall the Memorial Salle Beach. This school was considered by the French authorities so valuable, its plan and method so important, that Mme Le Gay was decorated for her service to the people of France in founding it. Yet so modest is she in valuing her own services, so little careful that others should know what these are, that perhaps not half a dozen of them who have come into the work since that time have so much as heard of this most honorable and striking testimonial. Mme Le Gay's Mother's Meeting in Salle Rivoli is one of the most important and fundamental works in the entire Mission. Nearly three hundred women are enrolled in it; its members are now limited by the capacity of the hall. The change in these women's characters and lives is something so wonderful, that the half will never be told.

We have still some copies of the photo-gravures of the Mission Boat; the price is 25 cents for the two views, one of the exterior, the other of the interior. Send to the Bureau, 1710 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

CALL TO THE ANNUAL MEETING.

The following circular letter has been sent to all the Auxiliaries :

DEAR FRIENDS :

You are hereby notified that the Tenth Annual Meeting of the Association will take place April 26 and 27, 1893, in the EMMANUEL BAPTIST CHURCH, State Street, Albany, New York. You are earnestly requested to send Delegates to represent your Auxiliary, the number not to exceed five.

Entertainment of Delegates will be provided by the Ladies of the Albany Auxiliary, and you will confer a great favor by sending the names and addresses of the Delegates, at an early day, to the Chairman of the Local Committee, MRS. EDWIN C. BAXTER, 160 STATE STREET, ALBANY, NEW YORK, from whom you will receive all necessary information.

Delegates not desiring entertainment should also send their names and addresses in advance of the meeting, to the Chairman of the Committee.

You are urgently requested to prepare and send by your Delegates, a brief statement of the year's work of your Auxiliary. As there are now over seventy Auxiliaries to be represented, the time for reading each Report will be limited to three minutes.

In any event, do not fail to send your *Report*, not later than April 1, to the General Secretary, to be read by her at the meeting.

It is hoped that every Auxiliary will feel the need of representation at this meeting. The Board of Directors have prepared a programme of deep interest, and we are assured that the ladies of the Albany Auxiliary will do all in their power to make the meeting most successful. Above all we earnestly ask your prayers for the blessing of God to rest

upon the assembled Delegates, that every heart may be greatly quickened in renewed endeavor for the McAll Mission.

By order of the Board of Directors.

CAROLINE REMINGTON,

General Secretary.

The extra edition of the RECORD published for January not having been sufficiently in demand, we shall not issue it in connection with this number, but those who subscribed for it for the year will get the extra copies. We have printed however, two leaflets, "A New Departure" and "Christmas Fêtes in the McAll Mission in Paris," which will be for sale to our Auxiliaries and friends at 50 cents per hundred copies. The first shows some of the good results following the visit of the "Mission Boat" to a town in France, by Rev. S. R. Brown, the evangelist of Salle Rivoli. The other is by our editor, who was one of the early workers, and reflects great credit on those who are now active in training the youth and children in the schools of the McAll Mission.

"The Cruise of the Mystery," and "Fifine," by Mrs. L. S. Houghton, are doing a good work in spreading a knowledge of the work in France; but we wish to receive orders to supply Sunday Schools and public libraries with copies, that the young people of our country may know about this blessed Mission.

Mr. Brown, on another page, gives us good news of the success of the work in Southern France. In a private letter he speaks of "the zeal of our agents, the hearty and generous co-operation of the pastors, as most inspiring." He adds a wish that the provincial brethren would write to us directly of their work, a wish which all our readers will surely echo.

DR. McALL IN HIS ENGLISH HOME.

(EDITORIAL.)

As it was my good fortune to spend a day last February with Dr. and Mrs. McAll in their "Second Home," in England, it seems to me that I cannot better interest the readers of the RECORD than by dropping, for this time, the editorial "We," and giving a simple description of those pleasant homes. The last Quarterly told of the changes in the Direction of the work, which it had seemed good to Dr. McAll to make, and of his plan of spending the larger half of his time in England, that he might by his personal presence and influence the better arouse the interest of the English people in the Mission, and so secure larger contributions and more permanent pledges of aid for the work. Most of my readers have heard how God intervened to frustrate His servant's plans in this regard, by sending upon him protracted illness.

While I was in Paris, (through January and early February), the hearts of the workers were heavy with apprehension, and prayer was being offered continually for Dr. McAll's restoration to health. When, on the fifteenth of February, I spent a day with him, he was already very much improved, though still exceedingly fragile.

Upper Norwood, the place which the McAlis have chosen for their English home, is a suburb of London, only a few minutes by rail from London Bridge southward. No. 13 Highview Road, is a pretty cottage standing close on the street, but with an ample garden at the rear, where in pleasant weather Mr. McAll will be able to enjoy the air. They have added on to the dining-room, which overlooks the garden, a conservatory, where hyacinths and daffodils were blooming, and in which on stormy days, the beloved invalid is still able to enjoy a breath of spring and a sense of the outer world.

I had managed to miss Mrs. McAll at the station, and I reached the house before her. When, five minutes later,

she came flying in, her bright eyes all the brighter and her cheeks tinted with pink from the fresh air, I could not believe that seventeen years had passed over her since I had seen her last. Her step is as light and quick, her face as young — as a girl's, I was about to say — but I think, as an immortal's, is a better word. There is none of the immaturity of youth, but rather the perennial vigor and brightness of those whom age cannot touch.

She took me, presently, into the upper room where Dr. McAll sits among his books and papers and the letters constantly coming in from all parts of the wide field, and from those who in foreign lands are sustaining the work with money. His tall, spare figure was the same I had known so long ago—somewhat more spare, if possible; a little taller it almost seemed—as if he had grown nearer heaven in the years of his heavenly work; the hair turned white, but the face hardly older; the eyes as bright, the smile as kindling as in the old days. He stood before the fire as I entered, a warm fur cape over his shoulders, for English houses are not warmed like ours, and he is sensitive to the chill. A moment later we had seated ourselves and plunged into talk.

It is impossible even to hint at the subjects of our talk, it took so wide a range and went into so many minutæ. As in the old days, no detail was too small for him to include in his careful observation, no question too large for him to hold easily, comprehensively, in his grasp. I was especially struck with the readiness with which he put his hand upon any letter or document to which he wished to refer. His large table was heaped with papers, written and printed, in the apparent confusion which such tables always present to the looker-on; but he had only to wish for a paper to lay his hand upon it at once. And this was but an illustration of the condition of his mind. Every fact concerning the mission in all its remotest interests was ready to his consciousness; he had but

to need it and it presented itself to his mind. His mental vigor, after so long and painful an illness, was something marvellous. But to see him there, so far away from his work and yet so keenly alive to all its smallest interests, was to realize something of the sacrifice he had made in withdrawing from the work of soul-winning to devote himself to the harsh duty of raising money. Of this, however, he never spoke.

At dinner he was able to lay aside all thoughts of the work and talk on general subjects, always with that ready humor which is so characteristic of him, and which I doubt not has been a saving grace during the long years of heavy responsibilities and importunate cares.

On the dining-room wall hung the diploma of the Legion of Honor, and he told me that it was amazing how much good the little bit of red ribbon in his button-hole had done to the Mission cause, raising it in the esteem of all classes. "We feel it even among cab-drivers and railway officials when we travel," he said; "the respect with which we are treated is extraordinary."

After dinner, while he rested, Mrs. McAll took me over the house, pleasant and comfortable in all its simple appointments. In the drawing-room, on a pedestal, is the famous clock with the fine Luther statuette, given to Dr. McAll on his twentieth anniversary. Mrs. McAll's artless pride in it was very touching.

Then we returned to the dining-room, and she brought out the proof-sheets of her new hymn-book and some MS. music and played and sang some of the new hymns. This hymn-book has been an almost herculean undertaking, especially in view of the great anxieties of the past year. Many new hymns have been written expressly for it by Theodore Monod, DeCoppet, Réveillaud, and others. New hymn-tunes have been composed by various musicians, and other music adapted, and all has been passed in most careful review

by many experts. It will be a monumental work, for which the entire French Protestant church will one day be thankful, though the conservatism of French Protestants is such that it will probably be slow in supplanting the old Chants Chrétiens.

One of the new hymn tunes, composed by a young graduate of the London Conservatory, had struck me as especially lovely. In one respect, indeed, the ending of the first and third lines, I had felt a shade of disapprobation, but the rest was so good, at once spirited and devout, and the harmony so fine, that I quite forgot the slight blemish and spoke in thorough admiration of it. "Do you really like it?" asked Mrs. McAll, with pleasure. "I am glad, for do you know, Mr. McAll doesn't quite approve of it."

When he came down, for tea, after his afternoon rest, she told him of my opinion, and then I had new occasion to observe his marvellous acquaintance with every requirement of the Mission. He shook his head with a smile at Mrs. McAll's remark, and asked her to sing it again. At the close of the first line, and again at the third, a shade, almost of pain, passed over his face. "Don't you see," he said as she paused, "the music makes two syllables of *cœur* and of"—I forget the other word, which rhymed with it. "That is positively painful to the French ear," he went on, and as I recalled the shade over his face I knew that he had grown so into touch with the French æsthetic sense that it had pained him, too. It was in vain that Mrs. McAll and I pointed out that since the the soprano held on a single note, while only the modulation of the other parts gave the second note, the word could not properly be said to be divided. "It sounds so," he insisted: "it will be thoroughly repugnant to the French ear. It will never do." And as Mrs. McAll sang it again, I saw that he was right. I can only hope that the young composer has been able to remodel the passage; the tune is altogether too beautiful to be lost to the new hymn-book.

After tea Dr. McAll showed me his most precious treasures—the bound volumes containing the letters addressed to him on his twentieth anniversary and signed by tens of thousands of names. Many of them simply made their cross ; others were names distinguished wherever the French people are known. To see him turning those pages and dwelling lovingly on those names was a sight never to be forgotten.

A marvellous illustration of the strength of Dr. McAll's mind, and the wholeness of his Christian sympathy, is given by the zest with which he has thrown himself into the interests of the Congregational Church of Upper Norwood. It seemed amazing that with his large cares and wide-ranging interests he could feel so deeply as he did the importance of a small matter of church polity which happened to be on the carpet, and the duty of doing what in him lay to help straighten it out. There was to be a church meeting that night, and he went over to me the brief remarks which he proposed to make, as a stranger and deeply interested onlooker, in the hope of throwing some light on the problem and exerting such influence as his reputation was sure to give him, in favor of a peaceful and wise solution of it. And in fact, the close of this very interesting day found us at the church door, where I bade him and Mrs. McAll farewell on my way to the station. We had called, on the way, to take the Minister up in our carriage, and the warmth and largeness of Dr. McAll's Christian character were never more beautifully illustrated than in the relations between these two men ; the one whose name is known wherever Christian activity is valued, all aglow with desire to serve the other, the unknown pastor of a humble dissenting chapel.

So, at the chapel door I bade them good-bye. It is hardly probable that we shall meet again in this world, but ours was no sentimental leave-taking. It was the simple hearty good-bye of those who expect to meet again soon, in the Church of the First-born on high.

CHRISTMAS AT BERCY.

The Bercy fête was on the 29th December. About 120 were present, entirely filling up, along with their parents, my little church. To gain space, we had taken out the pulpit and placed the tree as close to the wall as possible. It was very tastefully decorated with 350 little candles and a quantity of glittering ornaments, "comets," "angels' hair," etc., etc. I buy the candles wholesale for all the Paris schools, and the ornaments, with careful handling, serve for more than one season. The children were let in by ticket, as many of the street boys would have liked a seat too, and order was assured by two good-humored policemen, whom the "Officier de Paix" had kindly sent me. First the children got in and then their parents; it *was* a squeeze! At least 200 people in a church seated for 120! But everybody was in good humor, and no one complained. The children had prepared several new hymns which they sang rather nicely, and they had also learned five passages of scripture, arranged so as to give, in the form of answers to questions, a sort of sketch of Christ's life and work. This was given very well, without the smallest "hitch," and greatly pleased the visitors. The speakers were M. Louis Sautter, a retired civil engineer, one of the Vice Presidents of the Mission; M. Galtier, "sous chef" of the money order department at the General Post Office; and M. de Béthune, the son of a Belgian noble, once a monk and a popular Roman Catholic preacher, now a Protestant, cursed by his family, disinherited and friendless, but a true servant of Christ and my esteemed colleague in the work of the Rue Proudhon church. When all the speaking was over, the presents were distributed, each name called out, and the gift passed to the child by the teachers—great tall young men standing up among them. At the very end the special presents were given: a little book to each of my catechumens, a handsome book to the boy who had never once

missed being present twice a week throughout the year, and had always known his verse, and two little pocket-books to the two girls who help me on Thursday to exchange the "bons points" for testaments, hymn-books, picture-cards.

Then, after a final hymn and a prayer, the big people were sent out, and the children followed them, receiving each as they filed past, an orange and a piece of chocolate in the form of a fish. My wife was at the organ, and the church choir, all working people, young men and women brought to Christ in the meetings, sang two pieces during the evening and helped in the rest of the singing.

CHARLES E. GREIG.

The story on page 26 of the Fruits of Trocadéro Salle is supplemented by a later letter from Miss Coldstream, who says: "There was an interesting meeting at Trocadéro on Sunday, between Mme H., a convert of fourteen years ago, and two of our dear women who have found the truth in that Salle since last Exposition; and the woman of education and culture rejoiced with the two simple working women who joy in their Saviour's love. It was very touching to me to see them talking to each other of how they first came into the Salle de Conférence, and all that followed."

The Missionary Review of the World thus speaks of the recent change by Mr. McAll in his method of work:

For twenty years Dr. McAll has carried on with wonderful fervor, energy, skill and success the work of evangelization in France, and at length finds the management of its details too exhausting for his strength, and so feels constrained to transfer a part of the burden to other shoulders, and from henceforth will pass the greater portion of his time in comparative rest in London. But, of course, while he lives, and to the utmost of his ability, brain, heart and hand will be busied seeking the best things for France.

A PLEASANT TRIP TO THE RIVIERA.

BY REV. S. R. BROWN.

We crossed Paris in the snow, the Seine frozen over from Bercy to Point de Jour, and found the station crowded by travellers hurrying to the Land of the Sun. To me the journey was a constant scene of beauty. We ran through miles of olive yards, their silvery leaves quivering in the breeze, or through citron and orange groves, the golden fruit fairer to the eye than pleasant to the taste, on to Mentone, the garden of roses, as far as Bordighiera, the city of palm trees.

The fair landscape of woods and hills was made lovelier by curving bays and headlands projecting into the tideless sea, that broke with a mournful dirge on the pebbly beach at Mentone or the sandy shore at Cannes.

MENTONE.

Of drawing-room meetings I will only say the one held at Mentone was at the Chalet des Rosiers, once occupied by the Gracious Sovereign Queen Victoria, whither many of the Royal subjects came to see the rooms graced by Her Majesty. To-day it is occupied by one of England's merchant princes, and the hostess, Mrs. Lamplugh, received the guests with queenly grace. The meeting was large; Miss Moggridge spoke at her best and we had a good collection.

The Mission is conducted by Pastor Delapi  re, who not only gives it his services, as all the pastors do from Mentone to Marseilles, but himself defrays the expenses of the hall. Yes, France is herself helping to give the gospel to her people. The Salle is light, well ventilated, and in a good situation. The congregation is mixed: visitors, church members and working people flock together to hear the Word of God.

What touched me here and at Nice and Cannes was the prayers of French pastors for Mr. McAll, that he might be spared yet longer to France.

NICE

is a large town, more worldly than Cannes. A moral miasma seems to hover over the fair city, coming from Monte Carlo.

Monsieur L. Biard, the Evangelist, is a man of delicate health. He has inspired the confidence and secured the co-operation of all the ministers and pastors of Nice. A special feature is the *Salle Militaire* in the old town; here I saw a roomful of soldiers, some sixty-seven in number, and had an attentive sympathetic audience. At the *Salle Populaire* a woman came forward, and with considerable emotion said, "I must tell you what this Mission has done for me. I was a Romanist and went to Rome to see the Festival, and was so disgusted with what I saw and heard that I lost my faith. Miserable and wretched I came to Nice, when a friend gave me a hand bill of this meeting. Oh! sir, it has done me much good. I am another person, so happy, and I do love the Word of God. My mother is praying the Virgin to bring me back to Romanism; I am praying God to bring my mother to the Gospel, and I think I shall have the victory."

It was very encouraging, this woman's simple testimony to the power of truth on her heart and life. Another testimony at Nice illustrates the reproductive energy of our Mission.

A meeting was held in the Scotch Church. At the close a young man came forward to shake hands and said, "I also am a child of the McAll Mission, I was born again in Paris, and now I am a Baptist pastor. Give my best greetings to Miss —— of Salle Beach, she was the first who urged me to testify for Christ."

CANNES

is like a palm tree, spreading out its branches and throwing up new and vigorous shoots. In the villages around, and at Grasse, Mr. Webber has drawn together a noble band of lady workers, and Mr. Bevan of Parsiflora, has given the work

an energetic "fire and flame" assistant in Pastor Martin, whose help has been most providential.

Let me conduct you to Le Cannet and Grasse. I did not see Mougins and the last new shoot, La Bocca. A pleasant walk on a good road, brought us to Le Cannet. A group of boys met us on the way, and accompanied us to the Salle, which was soon filled with a rough class. The men had sharp features, the boys seemed inclined for fun. I expected a turbulent meeting, and feared I could not interest the strange audience, against which I had been warned. But the good hand of our God was upon us, they sat with bent backs and open mouths drinking in the word, the harsh features relaxing to a smile, or stiffening in intense interest in the story of a lost sheep and the shepherd's joy at finding it. We came away cheered, and on Saturday night at the weekly prayer meeting some came from Le Cannet to Cannes to pray.

We then met at Mr. Webber's, when a lady worker came, and with flushed cheeks, and hurrying speech said:

"Well, I believe Mrs.—— is truly converted."

"How do you know?" was the answer, as they drew near the speaker.

"I have walked back with her," she says; "she cannot leave Le Cannet, where she is visiting her sister, but she tells me that she knows now God has forgiven her all her sins."

"I asked 'how do you know?'"

"I asked and received."

"Oh, do you think it is so easy. Would anyone forgive you a debt by asking?"

"Oh, Mlle.!" she said, "but the good Lord died for me, that is why. Yes, that is why!"

Well, I thought, she was not far from the Kingdom, and I saw these dear sisters who had prayed together, toiled together, now rejoice together that another child was added to the great family of our Father in Heaven.

GRASSE

is a small town built on a hill. Its present form dates from the 16th century, but it has an old Roman tower still standing, where Romans kept watch on the plain below. The streets are narrow, tortuous, especially one called Straight (Rue Droite). The houses are high, with overhanging roofs, and neighbors could shake hands across the street. The windows are encased in iron bars for protection from robbers. Miss Morgau has here a *pied-à-terre* for the convenience of the workers, for the last train leaves Grasse at 7 P. M. Honest folk are supposed to remain in-doors after that late hour. The apartment is roomy, with a polished red brick staircase and wrought-iron baluster. The quaint old town is picturesque and mediæval. There was considerable commotion at Mr. Webber's home the morning we went to Grasse, for we had to carry our bed linen and provisions also.

Mrs. Campbell, of Glasgow, and Miss Moggridge, of Paris, were of the party of seven.

From the train we ascended a zigzag road through gardens of jasmine and scented flowers used for perfumes, through an old gateway into the town; we toiled up narrow paved serpentine paths to the wall on the other side of the town. Here I saw the fortifications, the tower on the wall, a piece of wall broken down. Getting thro' the breach I stood in a historical street. With solemn feelings, I walked from end to end. The walls were black with age, the small windows barred with iron, the passage arched over, the doors massive; it was "rue des Huguenots," a shelter to men driven from home by *La Mission botteê* of Louvois, the dragoons of Louis XIV, who hunted men who feared God and wrought righteousness. I was inclined to muse on that sad past; all the history left is written on stone in this rue des Huguenots. But the guide cried, "Come along! Come along!" We were on the Ramparts, the only broad street,

and here is the Salle Populaire. The meeting is begun; hark! "*Réveillons-nous !*" is the chorus; it rings out clear in the quiet night. The room is packed with clean, well-dressed citizens. The subject was John 3 : 16. Their pastor, Martin, spoke; a volcano pouring forth burning lava on whosoever believeth not.

At these meetings I was introduced to French families who have come out of the dim religious light of the Middle Ages to the daylight; to Vaudois from the valleys who have remained true to their faith; to Italians from the mountains of Piedmont, who have heard, believed and are saved.

In the morning we were up early, for some had to rush for the train, to prepare the drawing room meeting; some tarried behind, and Mr. Campbell hired a carriage to take us up the mountains. Coming down, Grasse was seen; the houses looked as if they had been pressed in the olive press, so close they appeared, covered with red tiles. A lady leaned over, saying, "There is Grasse! God bless Grasse!" To which we all re-echo, Amen! God bless work and workers along the Riviera!

CHILDREN'S FÊTE IN PARIS.

On Monday evening, January 2, I started from the Arc de Triomphe for a distant and not very inviting part of Paris to attend the Children's Fête at the Salle McAll, in the Faubourg Saint Antoine. It was a bitterly cold night, and it took a long hour by 'bus and train to reach my destination. Arrived there, nothing could have been less fête-like than the dark unlit entrance and still darker passage which led to the Salle, and I began to fear I had mistaken the place, when I noticed a faint ray of light in the distance. On reaching it I pushed open a door, and suddenly found myself in a bright and crowded hall. A very resplendent object right opposite and at the extreme end lured me still onwards, and I

was fortunate enough to secure a seat close to it whence I could survey the whole scene.

And a truly pretty and pleasing one it was ; not that a McAll hall is exactly in itself a " thing of beauty," although this particular one had, for the occasion, been adorned with festoons of evergreens. Besides which, was not that majestic Christmas tree, whose top touched the ceiling, and which glowed and sparkled towards every corner, enough in itself to attract? But what made it most beautiful in my eyes was the bright young humanity that filled the benches. There were 300 boys and girls present, the boys on one side, the girls on the other, and a more orderly, better-behaved set of children could not have been found anywhere. There was also a goodly company of young men and maidens, *moniteurs* and *monitrices*, trained by Mr. Greig, and now his active helpers. It is a sight very much appreciated by the parents and friends who look on. Soon there was not even standing room left, which I fancy, must have been the reason of the outer darkness, lest the general public should have tried to enter.

The magician of the fête was Mr. Greig, and one wave of his hand produced instant and perfect silence when the proceedings began, and continued with a spirit that left nothing to be desired. There were recitations by the girls and by the boys separately, given most distinctly, in complete unison and with a sort of rhythm that was both pleasant and impressive. There were hymns, accompanied by Mrs. Greig on the harmonium, and by two of the young men on violins; but specially beautiful was the part-singing by those young men and maidens, which was done with much taste. Indeed, it would have been worth while going if only to hear the recitations and singing.

One of the two pastors spoke to the children, notably M. Edouard Sautter, who has the gift of making his stories

live and move before them, the while he is instilling some useful lesson to be long remembered.

All this time the tree has been delighting the assembly by its steady glow, but a Christmas tree is expected to do something more than glow, it must produce gifts somehow, and now we have reached what was perhaps to the children the most interesting part of the evening—the distribution of the presents, which seemed a labor of love to Mrs. Greig, who was called upon to perform it. The long tableful soon disappeared under her hand, but I shall only mention two or three special ones. A young girl got one for rendering great help to Mr. Greig in the Thursday School, when his regular helpers are engaged in their weekday occupations. Another was rewarded for not missing an attendance, while the third was very touching, it was for “their own orphan.” It appears that these children, themselves very poor, subscribe their pence to support an orphan (whether connected with themselves I did not learn) at the Deaconesses Orphanage. That awoke many thoughts.

I came away much delighted by all I saw, and even more by all I foresaw. What possibilities lie among those children, and what a moral force is preparing in the McAll schools for the salvation and elevation of France! Will not American children think of the condition of French children? And will they not plan and form circles amongst themselves, and do what they can to help this work?

A. L. O. F.

THE MISSION BOAT.—Our friends may remember that funds are needed to keep this interesting and useful helper afloat and in active service, and it is hoped that the coming summer may prove a harvest time in the ingathering of precious souls, through this instrumentality.

A FRENCH ANARCHIST.

BY REV. A. S. TWOMBLY, D. D.

[From the *Congregationalist*.]

Prof. L. J. Bertrand, the well-known Huguenot evangelist was holding meetings some years ago in the middle of France. At one of these conferences he made the point that the more the Sunday-schools were filled the more empty would be the saloons and the prisons, and that very speedily. All at once a man called out from the end of the hall, "Professor of sciences, don't lie, for you know as well as, or better than myself that the church is the paradise of charlatans." The professor was debating whether it were best to reply, when some of the bystanders remarked, "Now Tricot is in for a fight." Hearing this, the evangelist said to himself, "Tricot! Is that the name of a man?" Not feeling sure, he continued his discourse and the disturber left the hall in a rage.

While in New York in 1891, Professor Bertrand received a letter from Geneva which read as follows: "Tricot was editor-in-chief of the well-known anarchist journal, *La Lutte* (The Struggle). Never did a man write more violent articles or utter more incendiary harangues. One day, to cite a single example, over the graves of the victims of the explosion at the mines of Ricamarie, he counseled the miners, the workmen and the peasants to join together and kill all the rich people of Ricamarie, burning their houses over their heads. For this he served two-and-a-half years in prison. When he came out, more violent than ever, he established the journal *L' International*. The first words which arrested the attention of this ferocious partisan of the democracy were those of another anarchist: 'If we, French Socialists (he ought to have said "Anarchists"), were as disinterested as the disciples of that philosopher who is called "The Christ of Nazareth" we should go, one after

another, throughout all France preaching our gospel, and if we did so, in ten years France would be socialistic. But these men (Bertrand and Réveillaud) have a maxim, "Love your neighbor as yourself," while ours is "Charity begins at home." "That is not all *my* maxim," said Tricot, "and I will prove it, for I am a true Socialist at heart." The next day in fact, he left his newspaper, bought an old omnibus into which he packed his wife and children, and set out to make speeches and sell his pamphlets throughout France."

At St-Jean-du-Gard a lady wrote to him: "Dear M. Tricot: I hope to see you to-morrow. Meanwhile will you please read my little manuscript and this small book entitled *The Sermon on the Mount*. I am a Socialist as you are, but the author of *The Sermon on the Mount* is greater than either you or myself. Like you I am sad, but the Christ *weeps* to see that the rich are often very hard and cruel toward the poor, and that the poor are always the implacable enemies of the rich, while eager to possess their riches. You believe that this evil can be met only by violence, by gunpowder, dynamite and torrents of blood. I believe, and the Christ believes, that it can be overcome by the power of Love, both for the rich and the poor."

Tricot read the manuscript with astonishment and admiration; that lady was evidently a socialistic *savante*. But when he had read *The Sermon on the Mount* this ex-editor-in-chief was bewildered. Never before had he heard such sublime ideas, such holy obligations, so boldly and publicly proclaimed. He was still holding the book in his hands when one of his Anarchist friends came to him and said, "Friend Tricot, I am miserable. My daughter is able to pass her examination before the medical faculty, but I need 200 francs and cannot get them." "What!" rejoined Tricot. "You a Socialist in socialistic France, and unable to find 200 francs! Go to Certe, which is full of Socialists and

where the city authorities are Socialists, and see if you cannot obtain more than you ask; trust my word for it!" The Anarchist went to Cette, and after calling on the Socialists there, one and all, he received only rebuffs but not a single franc. He returned to Tricot. "Well!" said the man, who was now deeply impressed by the Sermon on the Mount, "since you are a Protestant, go and see your pastor about it." "My pastor! I have never been inside his church, and only last week my wife rudely insulted him." "No matter," rejoined Tricot, "I was told this very morning that the pastor reads every Sunday from the Sermon on the Mount, and that he preaches from it. He will help you not only in spite of your unbelief and your wife's treatment of him, but for those very reasons." "Well!" said the other, "I don't understand what you mean, but I shall go because it is my last chance."

Four days afterwards Tricot learned that pastor B—— had said to the senior member of his church committee: "These people are the disgrace of my parish; they are the worst two Protestants in the province, the two most disreputable people in the town; but they have a good daughter. Deacon, let us, you and me, save that girl." And they found the 200 francs; they saved the young woman, who passed her examination most successfully.

Then Tricot read each word of the Sermon on the Mount. He weighed it over and over again, as an editor, a philosopher and a *savant*. He forgot to eat and to sleep for twenty-four hours then fell on his knees and offered the following petition: "I believe that the Author of the Sermon on the Mount is more than a man, more than Victor Hugo, more than Socrates. I believe that he is not man but God. Author of the Sermon on the Mount, Thou art God. I believe in Thee. O have mercy upon me! I see myself a guilty sinner. Thou art holy. Show me how to pray, to pray! Author of the

Sermon on the Mount, 'Thou art God. I give Thee my life, but teach me how to pray.'" The next day Tricot entered his carriage to sell, not his anarchist pamphlets, but copies of the Sermon on the Mount. He is now hard at work for the regeneration of France, with Réveillaud and Bertrand — a proof of the power of the simple gospel over even a skeptical socialistic Frenchman's heart. The story is thoroughly French, but it shows what may yet be accomplished in France.

FRUITS OF THE TROCADERO HALL.

[*Paris Quarterly.*]

The following details are collected from letters received at different dates from Miss Bennett, for many years a faithful worker in this little hall, especially among the women.

Madame Durond, the first of the group to whom Miss Bennett introduces us, is a needlewoman in respectable employment, who having lost in succession her husband and three daughters, is now quite alone in the world.

From her childhood God seems to have been teaching her and preparing her mind in an unusual way. When a little girl she was under the care of two curés, who must have been remarkable men. The first taught her to love the Bible. The other, in preparing her for her first Communion, one day left her alone in his parlor, telling her to think over all her sins seriously and quietly, and then to confess them to God. She did so, and on his return he asked her if she had done this, reminding her that God could not be deceived. On her assuring him that she had, he wrote out her certificate of absolution without hearing her confession. This made a deep impression on her and she has never forgotten it.

Another thing that impressed her was the death of the last of her daughters. She was lying wasting in consumption,

with her rosary twisted round her wrist, when a strange gentleman, whom Madame B. never saw before or since, came in, and asking leave to speak to the sick girl, approached her, and touching the rosary, gently told her she must rest alone on Christ and not trust to any help from that or anything else. The girl, with a steady, earnest gaze which her mother never forgot, slowly untwisted the rosary, and laid it quite aside. She died very calmly soon after.

Madame D. has never all her life cared to observe the ceremonies of Rome, saying, "Those are the commands of the Church, for myself I only know the commands of God." She said she always prayed in her own room to God. The Church of Rome seemed nothing to her—of no weight. But she says since she has attended the meetings, since she has read her Bible, since she has been enlightened, she has real faith and confidence.

Since she was invited to the Salle on the Place du Trocadero, she has not, to my knowledge, missed a single service. She said, "In this Hall something seems to touch my heart."

As I had observed her coming to the hall, I thought it would be nice to have a Bible-class there for some women and ask her to join. I found that she was then studying her New Testament at home and glad of any help. I opened the class on Sunday afternoons and it has been a great joy to me, and by God's blessing we have passed many precious moments together.

Madame D. wanted a whole Bible, finding so many allusions to the Old Testament in her New Testament. She remembered so much of the Bible teaching of her youth that she longed for the time when she should possess a large-type Bible of her own, for which she saved up three francs (her Christmas boxes.) I shall never forget her anxiety when I was showing the volume to a man. She watched me keenly

and at last grasped the Book and said, firmly: "It is mine," and gave me the money. Since then her love for the Bible has increased, her study has deepened, and her knowledge of its truths grown most wonderfully. She gave up her daily paper so as to have more time for reading the precious book. If in the various books that I lend her there are references to texts she finds them out. I often pressed on her personal acceptance of her Saviour, for this theme was much before us in our class. I said, "If you are trusting in Jesus, if you are His child, if you are saved, you will be happier to know it, and if not, dear Madam, with all your love for your Bible, you are in great danger." One longed for her to be at liberty and *realize* what one felt she believed. At last one evening she said, "That hymn, 'Oh happy day that fixed my choice,' etc., has been ringing in my head all day." Though she has always seemed a true-believing soul, now there is more assurance and an anxiety about others, and she is witnessing to those about her more than she did. In the various families where she works she is lending little tracts, has given a New Testament, is speaking for the Lord, and in the class encouraging the others to read their Bibles, to trust and pray, tells of her answers to prayer.

There is another dear woman, a dress-maker, well known to those of us who are interested in this hall. She came in during the Exhibition time and received a great blessing there. She had been a careless woman, not quite an unbeliever, but from the time the Lord met and spoke to her conscience she became a religious woman, to the astonishment of her friends. Her zeal for souls is a remarkable feature in her Christian life. * * * Her cousin was converted through her, and so happy. Our friends had been talking to her and sending her on tracts, for she did not live in Paris, and finally gave her a New Testament. The tracts fulfilled another mission. This cousin lent them to a young girl sinking in

consumption, who lived next door to her, and she died in peace.

Mme C. has left Paris to our great regret and her own. We feel that she has gone to be a light in a dark place, but we miss her bright face, and the chair she occupied for two years still stands empty. I correspond with her and send her books to distribute.

Now I must tell you about one in whom Mme C. was interested, a poor young wife dying of consumption, brought on by ill-treatment and privation. "I have tried to enlighten her," said Mme. C., "now you go." She brought me to this woman, saying to her, "Listen attentively to what this lady says, for she will speak much more simply than the priest." She, herself, talked nicely and earnestly in simple practical language to this ignorant, weak woman, who could not read.

I took "The Wordless Book" with me. Its colored leaves were slowly turned over before her whilst I went over again each day :—Our black hearts covered with sin, unfit for God's presence ;—His love and wish to have us in heaven ;—Jesus coming and dying for us. She, herself, called the red page "the remedy." Then the beautiful white, pure, page—all sin gone—fit for heaven, and the bright glory and happiness afterwards. She loved the white page and looked on it with such pleasure, learning those words—"Wash me and I shall be whiter than the snow." She was very ignorant, and I went over and over the simple Gospel and read texts to her and sang. Once I read in Luke's gospel the account of His death, and she had never heard it read before. A few weeks after my first visit she came to the Trocadero Salle and that was the only time that she was at a meeting, it was a great effort and could not be repeated. I often found her left alone in hunger and pain for hours and hours at a time. For three months I visited her about once a-week, then often-

er, as she sank rapidly. By the kindness of friends I usually took her a little piece of fowl, and some nourishing cakes. These she had to hide under the bedclothes for fear her bad husband would take them from her. She lived in a small wooden shed in a garden, the wind blowing in through the boards, and a drinking-shop only separated from her room by a wooden partition, through which came all the noise. And there she lay, hour after hour, alone, praying and preparing for heaven. I asked her, one day, which page her heart was like. She pointed to the white one. "Why?" "Because I have asked Him to make it whiter than snow." A terrible trial befell her. One day I found her up and dressed, creeping about the shed and her husband in bed in *delirium tremens*. He was removed to the hospital and died before he regained his reason. It was awful, and in her state I wonder she lived through it. She seemed to forget the bad treatment and all her sufferings for many years, and mourned and grieved for him. Poor thing, she lingered one month longer, and at last I was with her every day. One Sunday, M. Sagnol said he would go and see her after the meeting, so we went with Mme C., and, once more, whilst I held her up in my arms, we spoke of the precious Blood that cleanseth from all sin. She answered M. Sagnol, as he tenderly asked her of her hope, firmly and consciously, and he prayed with her for an easy passage through the dark waters. Then we said "Au revoir," and in an hour and a quarter she had quietly and swiftly passed from her poor, sad surroundings into the glorious City of God.

Another woman is more comfortably off. Her name is Mme Egal. One day, years ago, her husband was given a book in the street by a man who had *too many to carry*. It was a sort of collection of evangelical meditations and prayers. After her husband's death she found great comfort in this book, and longed for a place in which she could hear

the same nice words. One day, seeing "*Salle Evangélique*" on the Place du Trocadéro, she resolved to come there when it was open, for she thought, "*Voilà ce qu'il me faut.*" And she did, and oh, how happy she was to hear M. Sagnol, and there she has come ever since, now a year and a half ago, quietly growing, taught by the Lord in His knowledge. She has not the sharpness and brightness of Mme. C., nor the intelligent depth and spiritual apprehension of Mme D., but she has a childlike sweetness and simplicity of faith very delightful to see, and she wants all around to partake of the same joy and peace, and is constantly speaking to others. She astonishes me by her firmness and boldness, showing how deep her convictions are. Her niece came to stay with her and in spite of great rudeness and provocation on her part, Mme Egal, by God's mercy, stood firm, testifying by word and action (for she regularly read her Bible each day) what she believed. She has been under the care of Mme Durond, who used to study the Scriptures with her, explain things and try to draw her out. They read the "*Pilgrim's Progress*" together, Mme E. looking with grateful admiration up to Mme Durond.

The time is at hand when our friends will be going abroad for the summer or longer. We would remind them of the importance of seeing something of our work while in Paris. There is much to occupy the visitors to that wonderful city, but an evening or afternoon in a mission hall is worth all the time it takes. They will easily find the station at 23 Rue Royale, where there is a meeting every evening at 8.15, and a very interesting workers' prayer meeting on Friday at 3.30. This prayer meeting is the heart of the McAll work—the very pulse of the machine. At this station visitors can inform themselves as to other stations and services.

THE MOTHERS' FÊTE AT SALLE RIVOLI.

I wonder if the ladies who have not visited Paris realize how very pretty, as well as convenient, Salle Rivoli-New York, is? The proportions of the room are admirable; the white gallery which surrounds it, though a little heavy, is so daintily decorated with small colored panels (apparently, though in fact they are only paper) illustrating Bible scenes, that the air of the place is truly artistic, as well as genuinely French. The large mirrors on the walls under the galleries, multiplying the room many times over, greatly increase its apparent size, and, when the gas is lighted, form admirable reflectors, making it appear that we have a dozen chandeliers instead of two, and innumerable bracket burners. Altogether, on the dark cold day of the fete (Wednesday, January 14th) the appearance of the room was truly fairy-like. Perhaps you don't think *that* a recommendation for a religious meeting room. Well, if you realized the darkness and coldness of these poor people's lives, how little they have to gratify that love of beauty, that instinct for gaiety, which is in the very fibre of the French character, you would be glad that this religion which you are sending to them, which meets so many wants of their nature, should meet this want too. And on that fete day, when suffering and anxiety were so very pressing, when for fifteen days there had not been one moment of thaw and hardly a ray of sunshine; when work had been almost at a standstill, and our poor people had almost forgotten what comfort meant, it was lovely to think that their fete brought them beauty and brightness as well as warmth and food and a sense of Christian love.

The room was packed; every chair and the benches along the wall were occupied. Fully three hundred women were there, and a good many had children with them. As I sat beside Mme Le Gay (she asked me to take a place behind the table, where I could see better) I looked back over the

seventeen years since I had sat in a similar place, and was struck with the difference. *Then* we were pleased to see a dozen women at the meeting, among half a hundred men. Here were three hundred women, mothers of families, whose hearts the Lord has touched more or less effectually ; centers of influence none the less that their homes are of the poorest and humblest—perhaps all the more for that, when we think of the part the common people have played and are likely to play in the history of France.

How they do love Madame Le Gay ! How obedient they are to her slightest wish ! There was a great hum of voices, perhaps I might more properly call it a roar, for three hundred French tongues have a good deal of power, and these three hundred were all going at once in the excitement and delight of the occasion. But when Mme Le Gay asked for silence, you could have heard a pin drop. Except, indeed, for the coughing ; the poor things had all taken cold in their brick-paved fireless rooms this bitter weather, and sometimes I wondered how the speakers could go on at all.

The presents were piled on tables at Mme Le Gay's right hand and left. Petticoats, cardigan jackets, aprons, mufflers, with a few special things, evidently chosen with loving thought to meet some special need or desire ; a lamp, a port-folio with writing paper, a book or two. On the table before Mme Le Gay was a superb bouquet of white lilacs, the loving gift of her poor friends.

It is not necessary to describe the exercises—you are all familiar with them. But I want to tell about Mr. Monod's address, both because it was so apt and because of a little revelation of French character it brought out ; and I want you to understand and sympathize with the French character. The speakers were three : Mr. Monod, Dr. Thurber and Mr. Brown ; and all spoke well, but it is only the opening of Mr. Monod's address that I want to give you.

He began by looking all around among the audience, and then asked, "Is Ernestine Lemaitre present?" (Slight sensation, the women looking at one another.) "Ah, I see she is not here. I am sorry ; I should have liked to be the first to announce a piece of news to her. I have just read in the papers that a certain Ernestine Lemaitre living in this quarter, through the death of an uncle in America has fallen heir to five hundred thousand francs. (Great sensation.) Well, if I can't tell her the news, some one will ; and I suppose, when the notary finds her and says to her, 'Madame, you are the heiress of five hundred thousand francs !' she will probably not answer, 'Ah ! what cold weather we are having. I am nearly frozen.' (Smiles, and shakes of the head.) No, Ernestine won't know whether she is cold or warm ; whether she ate yesterday or the day before. She will have something else to think of. (Evident tokens of assent.) Well, she will begin to consider what to do with all this money. One doesn't fall heir to five hundred thousand francs to tuck it away in a woolen stocking (significant glances among the audience), and Ernestine won't invest it in Panamas either. (Pronounced enjoyment of the joke.) But now when Ernestine says 'Where is this money? Give it to me, that I may put it out on interest,' the notary answers her 'Gently, gently, my good woman ; you haven't got it yet. It is surely yours, and you will get it all in time, but it needs months, perhaps much longer, to arrange these great inheritances. Meantime here are a hundred francs I advance you. Make yourself a little comfortable.'" Well she does that with her hundred francs, making it last as long as she can ; for, after all, what is a little discomfort now, when one has a great fortune in store?" (Immense sympathy and strong assent on the part of the audience.) And when Mr. Monod went on applying the little parable in the way you can all understand, with such a vivid picturing of the everlasting inheritance

that fadeth not away, there surely was not one of those present but felt warmed, and fed, and solaced, and healed of whatever pain or anxiety was hers, while lifted up to heaven on his strong, buoyant words.

Well, it showed me, as I said, the French character which I used to know and love. First, the ready intelligence. What mothers' meeting in New York City would respond so quickly and with such accurate knowledge to a political allusion, as these women to Mr. Monod's reference to the Panama scandal?

And where else but in France would you find uneducated, hard-working women, very drudges many of them, endowed with the imagination which would bring such a parable into touch with their own experience, and the quick sympathy which brought the unfailing response to every appeal of the preacher?

Oh, this is a most rewarding work of ours! It is impossible to move among these people, even for a few days, and not realize that for every one of our toils and self-denials there is here the promise of an over-payment of celestial fruit. I have been much among the poor people in the two weeks since I arrived. Not in the mission, for that has been impossible, but in the third-class cars going back and forth to Paris, and in the long, lonely country walks I take every day, talking to those I meet by the wayside or at their cottage doors; and I am daily more and more impressed with the fine quality of the material we have to work upon. The bravery, the cheerfulness, the patience, the intelligence, the sympathy, the sense of humor, the tact, the insight of the French common people are beyond what any other people I know of have to show. What noble material to be builded into the temple of our Lord! Surely we can never be too hopeful in this mission work which we have undertaken to carry on.

L. S. H.

RECEIPTS OF THE AMERICAN McALL ASSOCIATION
FROM AUXILIARIES AND CHURCHES.

DECEMBER 15, 1892, TO MARCH 15, 1893.

MAINE, \$3.00.		PENNSYLVANIA, \$3,708.57.	
Lewiston—S. Robitschek . . .	\$3 00	Chester and Vicinity Auxiliary, \$175 49	
VERMONT, \$40.00.		Easton " . . .	84 50
Burlington Auxiliary	\$40 00	Oxford " . . .	54 84
MASSACHUSETTS, \$1,051.24.		Philadelphia " . . .	3,150 30
Blackstone and Woonsocket,		Wilkes-Barre " . . .	200 00
R. I., Auxiliary	\$33 42	" —Glen Summit S. S. . . .	41 44
Boston Auxiliary	800 00	Williamsport Auxiliary	2 00
Haverhill "	88 00	DELAWARE, \$255.00.	
Northampton Auxiliary	50 00	Wilmington Auxiliary	\$30 00
Westfield "	5 00	Du Pout Memorial Fund	225 00
Whitinsville—Mr. Edw. Whitin	50 00	MARYLAND, \$852 25.	
Winchester—First Congl. S. S.	24 82	Baltimore Auxiliary	\$850 00
CONNECTICUT, \$977.38.		Fredrick—Mrs. S. R. Bonsall . .	1 25
New Haven Auxiliary	\$713 84	" —Miss F. L. Traill	1 00
Norwich "	62 44	DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, \$435.00.	
" First Congl. Ch.	12 85	Washington Auxiliary	\$435 00
" —Mrs. E. B. Huntington . . .	40 00	OHIO, \$840 00.	
Plantsville—Congl. Ch.	8 77	Cincinnati Auxiliary	\$380 00
Wethersfield—Congl. S. S. . . .	29 48	Cleveland "	430 00
Windsor Locks—Congl. S. S. . . .	60 00	" —J. L. O.	25 00
Winsted Auxiliary	50 00	" —F. L. O.	5 00
RHODE ISLAND, \$5.00.		INDIANA, \$265.00.	
Woonsocket—Rev. & Mrs. L. M.		Indiana Auxiliary	\$265 00
Pierce	\$5 00	ILLINOIS, \$271.80.	
NEW YORK, \$3,548.65.		Chicago Auxiliary	\$271 80
Brooklyn Auxiliary	\$400 00	KENTUCKY, \$25.00.	
Buffalo "	56 20	Louisville Auxiliary	\$25 00
Jamestown "	20 45	MICHIGAN, \$5.00.	
New York "	2,740 00	Kalamazoo—S. S. Class in First	
Piermont—S. S. of Reformed Ch.	25 00	Presby. Church	\$5 00
Troy Auxiliary	307 00	MISSOURI, \$121.92.	
NEW JERSEY, \$2,078.25.		Springfield—Union Miss. Soc'y.	\$21 92
Elizabeth Auxiliary	\$525 00	St. Louis Auxiliary	100 00
Morristown "	210 00	KANSAS, \$14 00.	
" —Mrs. F. W. Owen	100 00	Wichita Auxiliary	\$14 00
Newark Auxiliary	664 00		
Orange "	108 00		
Plainfield "	471 25		

FORM OF BEQUEST FOR PERSONAL ESTATE.

I do give, devise and bequeath to the American McAll Association the sum of _____ dollars.

FORM OF BEQUEST FOR REAL ESTATE.

I do give and devise to the American McAll Association the following described property.

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Mission Populaire Evangélique de France,

known as the

McALL MISSION IN FRANCE:

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Marseilles, Nice, Cannes, Mentone, Corsica, Algiers, Tunis,
Lyons, Vienne, Bordeaux, Boulogne-sur-Mer, La Rochelle,
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Tonnerre, Rennes, Alençon, Lorient, Quimper-
lè, Bruai, Epernay, Dunières, Li-
moges, Aurillac, Brest, Perpignan,
Rouen, Sotteville, Martainville,
Clamecy, Tulle, St. Fortunat,
Mende, Ste. Florine, Lour-
ches, Lens, etc.*

with the

JUVENILE MISSION.

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Rev. R. W. McALL, D. D., F. L. S., Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur.

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Co-Director and Chairman :

Rev. C. E. GREIG, M. A.

Vice-Chairmen :

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M. E. J. ROUILLY.

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Mr. W. SOLTAU.

Correspondent and Visitor for the Provinces :

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